A summer flower herself, the maid Stood 'mid the sweet syringas, A June pink in her hair's smooth braid, A rosebud in her fingers,

Pincked from the tall bush in the yard, Whose white flowers waved above her; And parting never seemed so hard As just then, to her lover.

Her lip began to grieve; the red Upon her check grew paler. 'Il seems a strange choice, Tom,'' she said, ''For you to be a sallor;

"And when the wild, black clouds I see, And when the nights are windy, I." "Bless your soul! you'll pray for me I know you will Lucimby!"

The reschad from her hand be took,
"This flower," he said, "Til save it,
And keep it pressed within a book,
Remembering who gave it.

'I never cared as women do, For garden beds and posies, But somehow—why. I never knew,— I always loved white roses.

"They seem just made for weddings; who I come again from Indy, dy bride, you'll wear white roses then; Come, wont you's—say Lacindy!" A sudden flame upon her check, Her cyes the quick tears filling, the answer gave she would not speak, Lest she might seem too willing.

For "Tom," she asked, "how can it be Here, all my life, you've known me; No word of hore you've said to me, No sign you have ever shown me."

And he said, ''True, but though I hain't, My love, P've wished you knew it. And tried to speak, and felt too faint At heart to dare to do it;

But when my mind was fixed to go A sailor, out to Indy, said, 'I'll have a Yes or No.' O say it's Yes, Lucindy!''

"Yes, Tom! it's yes!" she whispered; I learned that you were going, I found you had my heart; till then 'Twas yours without my knowing!"

Soft on her check fell, wet with duc, A rose-leaf from above her; A warmer touch her red lip knew,— The first kiss of her lover!

Though stilled the song and hu-hed the And hot the tears are starting. What joy, that life can give, is half So sweet as love's first parting? —Atlantic for t

MR. TWITCHELL'S INVENTIONS.

Mandy, where can I find a clear

Mrs. Twitchell's popgun reply was not at all nerve-calming: "Down in the cellar, or up in the attic, or under the bed, or in the parior on the center-table."

Mrs. Twitchell continued the popping: "You always ask that question, as if I were in the habit of hiding your shirts from you, or as if I had no system or order, so that your shirts might be here and there, and anywhere and everywhere. Your shirts have never, since the day we were married, been put anywhere but in the second drawer of the mahogany bureau; and I have told you so a thousand times."

were married, been put anywhere but in the second drawer of the mahogany bureau; and I have told you so a thousand times."

In the meantime Mr. Twitchell had been sauntering awkwardly and uneasily between the washstand and the bureau. Catching at the information of his wife's words, be hastly opened a drawer, and stood gazing with a helpless, bewildered air into the protound of laces, ruffles and ribbons. Beyond the laces and ruffles Mr. Twitchell caught sight of a sleeve that must be the shirt! Cautiously he advanced his fingers. You would have thought he was getting ready to snatch something from a fiery furnace. Through the half-opened drawer the awkward hand soon emerged dragging by one sleeve Mrs. Twitchell's white muslin waist, and with it laces, ribbons and ruffles.

Now was the wife's opportunity. "There! you clumsy creature! you've done it now!" "Get away blunderer; there's no use trying to teach you anything. You are as helpless as the baby and give ten times more bother. If you'd got into this drawer and danced, you couldn't have done more mischief. This is my drawer: your shirts have never, since the creation, been in this drawer." "Well now, Mandy. I'm sure you said in the second drawer—" "Yritchell was whipped, but he accepted his defeat good-humoredly, for he had some good news which he was anxious to get rid of as of his damp clothes. "Oh come Mandy," he said, coaxingly. "get my shirt for me." "Well now, Mandy, "he said, coaxingly. "get my shirt for me." "When and type and type the help of the mandy on you besides. I've spoiled you: I've just made a slave of myself for you; and you—you can't do a little crrand for me." "Well, wan't you get it?" asked the wife, turning her sharp brown eyes upon him. "You are sitting there doing nothing You expect me to do the sewing of the family, and take care of the children and house, and walt on you besides. I've spoiled you: I've just made a slave of myself for you; and you—you can't do all the crrand for me." "Why can't post get it?" asked the wife, turning

spoiled you: I've just made a slave of myself for you; and you—you can't do a little errand for me."

"Why my dear, I am always ready to do anything for you."

"It looks so. Why couldn't you send me that salt, as I asked you to! Here I was waiting and waiting for it: I got the cream all ready, paid a quarter for a quart of cream, and got it into the freezer, and then waited and waited for the salt. Oh how I hate such doings! It looks so shiftless, so unreliable, to promise a thing and then not do it! I'm a woman of my word. If I promise a thing, I'll do it, or

"Why my dear, I am always ready to do anything for you."

"It looks so. Why couldn't you send me that salt, as I asked you to! Here I was waiting and waiting for it: I got the cream all ready, paid a quarter for a quart of cream, and got it into the freezer, and then waited and waited for the salt. Oh how I hate such doings! It looks so shiftless, so unreliable, to promise a thing and then not do it! I'm a woman of my word. If I promise a thing, I'll do it, or die trying; but you—"

"I forgot the salt, I own, for I was absorbed—"

Yes, that's it: you're always absorb-

"Yes, that's it: you're always absorbed. If you'd get unabsorbed, and mix more with people, and make yourself more popular, your family might be obliged to you."

"Don't fret yourself, my dear: your good-for-nothing husband will yet make a living for you. I've just invented something that'll make our fortunes. Dr. Hollister says its worth a hundred thousand dollars to me. He's delighted with it."

Mrs. Twitchell's chair stopped rocking: her hands and work dropped in her lap: she looked at her husband with astonished and eager eyes. "Invented something! What?"

"Ye invented a pump, which I intend to call the 'Rural Fountain,' or the 'Perpetual Stock Fountain'—I haven't decided

petual Stock Fountain'—I haven't decided which."

in medias res: "Mrs. Twitchell, you ought not to be so reserved and mysterious concerning Mr. Twitchell's whereabouts: you make people suspicious. Why you've no idea how they are talking. They are saying every imaginable thing. Some reports that he's gone off to the Shaker settlement, and is going to turn Shaker." "Then there is another report, that he's gone off to the Mormons, and a lady, a friend of yours, told me that she knew it to be a fact that Mr. Twitchell is a Spiritualist, and she'd no doubt that he's gone Is that all?" Mrs. Twitchell was disappointed.
"All!" Wait till you hear about it.

"All!" Wait till you hear about it. Here is a drawing of my invention;" and he produced a card from his pocket and began explaining the diagram.
"Well, what do you think of it?"
"I don't think I quite understand it."
"Oh, women have no heads for machinery; a woman never invented anything."
Three months after this Mr. Twitchell came home with a formidable-looking document.

They have denied me a patent," he

"They have defined me a patent," he said abruptly.

Mrs. Twitchell dropped her disheloth as suddenly as though a cannon-ball had taken off both her arms; she gazed in stupetiction at her husband; "What a loss! whata loss!—a hundred thousand dollars! What shall we do?"

Mrs. Twitchell began to shed tears.
And now the versatile Mrs. Proudfoot assumed the part of the compassionate friend: "Dear Mrs. Twitchell, do relieve your heart by telling me your troubles. You'll find me a faithful friend, who will never betray your confidence. You are sad—let me comfort you."
And Mrs. Twitchell opened her heart. She'acknowledged that she was not only ignorant of her husband's whereabouts and business, but was very anxious concerning them.
In the midst of the recital, and of tears which increased to forcents at certain pa-What shall we do?"
"Well, dear, never cry over spilt milk,
but find my slippers for me."
"I can't spend my time waiting on you;
I've got to work now harder than ever;"
and she picked up the forgotten dishtowel from the floor.
"Well, I've got another invention—one
that will pay. I've got a certain thing
on this."

on this."

Mrs. Twitchell's hopes went up to a surprising height, considering that she was a practical woman.

"It's a fly-trap—the simplest and most ingenious thing, Doctor Hollister says, that he has ever seen."

"But perhaps you'll fail to get a patent on it."

on it."

"Hollister says there's no doubt about the patent; he's already making out the application. Hotchkiss is manufacturing some samples, and I mean to start right out to selling them and to selling rights. Pil bring you one to-morrow, and you'll soon clear the whole house of flies."

"We'll catch up now. I'm engaged to keep books for Jewett & Anderson at eighty dollars a month." ing for a patent," said the inventor next day, "It don't catch the flies."

JOHN F. BOSWORTH, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXII.

"Well, I'd like to know what this is

to be a fact that Mr. Twitchen is a Spiritualist, and she'd no doubt that he's gone off after an affinity. Why, they are saying all manner of things—that he's insane, and that he has committed suicide. But he's got his life insured—hasn't he?"

Mrs. Twitchell began to shed tears.

And now the versatile Mrs. Proudfoot assumed the rest of the compassionate

AMERICAN CITIZEN

"Bound by no Party's arbitrary sway, We follow Truth where'er she leads the way."

CANTON, MISS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1872.

Well, that sounds sensible: I can un derstan! that. And with my econom and management we can live on eight dollars. I don't mind working an dollars. I don't mind working and pinching if we can onlykeep our ground—are not slippin; back all the while."

Gradually the bills were all settled; the empress cloth was at last paid for, the tinancial wounds made by Mr. Twitchell's inventions were healed over and torgotten; and Mrs. Twitchell might have been a moderately happy woman, but there was one thing she could not forget; her husband had been away for weeks, she knew not where, and engaged she knew not how.

"But, I've got another invention—a capital thing, Doctor Hollister says."

"Well, I hope you'll make money soon enough to pay these everlasting bills. We are running behind terribly.

"The settling of the bills of this family is my business, and I should be glad if you'd keep your nose out of it;" and Mr. Twitchell seized his hat and russhed from the house, leaving Mrs. Twitchell nearer a defeat than she had ever known herself, for never before had she falled to get the last word. And the thought that he had secured the last word against such a tongue as Mrs. Twitchell's made the gentleman feel quite like a hero, and soon put him in a good kumor.

"I'll tell you a thing I've been working at," he said the next morning at the breakfast-table, oblivious of the fact that he hadn't helped anybody except himself to the serambled eggs.

"It is," pursued Mr. Twitchell, "to discover a cheap and effectual method of charging or impregnating timber."

"For a long time efforts have been made to saturate timber with antiseptic solutions, to prevent its decay. Boucherie's method is the beet, and is much used, but I'm on the track of something better."

"Well, I'm tired of hearing of your ideas; they won't feed us or clothe us. You'd better go to work. I don't see how we are ever to catch up—all that hardened money gone to enrich that villain Robertson, and those office-holders at Washington, and that patent fellow Hollister, while I and my children have to denv ourselves everything!"

"The money'll come some day—I know it will."

"The some day' will be too late to do us any good, if it should ever come."

"A few months after this, Mr. Twitchell, "A few months after this, Mr. Twitchell is the come of the surface of th not how,
"I would never let him rest till I tound out," said Mrs. Proudfoot, as much provoked by Mr. Twitchell's obstinacy as the wife was.

One evening Mr. Twitchell announced his intention of their accordable.

One evening Mr. Twitchell announced his intention of taking a second ride through the country. Mrs. Twitchell almost lost her breath at the announcement. She felt like tearing her hair, or, better still. Mr. Twitchell's.

"Mr. Twitchell, are you insane?"

"I think not," he answered.

"Then what do you mean?"

"I can explain more satisfactorily when I return,"

"Mr. Twitchell, you certainly are the most provoking man I ever knew—the

most provoking man I ever knew—the most unreasonable—the most exasperat-ing. You are enough to drive any wo-

ing. You are enough to drive any woman frantic."

"Well just get my things putup, please, and have me an early breakfast."

"I won't put up your things, and I'm not going to run myself breathless to get your breakfast."

It was Monday morning: Mrs. Twitchell was examining the pockets of her husband's linen coat, previous to putting it in the wash. She came upon an envelope, addressed in a dainty feminine chirography to "T. Twitchell, Esq.;" it contained a sheet of fine paper. Mr. T. Twitchell's wife opened it; she glanced at the signature—"Nettie." Her eyes ran back to the "Dear T—" with which the letter opened, and hungrily they devoured it to the end:

"Dala T—: It seems like an eternity since "The 'some day' will be too late to do
us any good, if it should ever come."
A few months after this, Mr. Twitchell
came in with a hurried air; "I want you
to pack my satchel, Mandy; I expect to
be gone some weeks."
"Where are you going?"
"I'm going to take a ride through the
country."

the letter opened, and hungrily they devoured it to the end:

"Dear T—: It seems like an eternity since our last fond meeting. Do you remember the words you breathed into my ear in our clinging farewell, as you kissed my eyes and lips: "This Net has completely easnared me? I am dying to see you. You must not let this month of sunshine, birds and flowers, pass without making me a visit. I cannot send you a long letter, but write these few lines that you may not miss the customary reminder of your devoted Nettle. I am to have a large party to-night. I do not wish it, out mother insists. I would gladly give all I shall enjoy this evening for one look into your dear eyes. Come soon, to your loving Nettle.

"This explains the mystery! He's gone to this wicked girl. Oh, I wish I knew where to find them! I'd go and shoot them both. The wretches! the villaln! He hasn't kissed my eyes since before Sissy was born."

One stifling morning, the twenty-seventh of August, Mr. Twitchell appeared at the door. And he was in a very cheerful mood. "Halloo, Sissy!" he cried; and he cracked his whip about her earsenthusiastically, but with some degree of awkwardness, which the child showed her perception of by dodging. "Well, Mandy, I've got back. Come baby and kiss your The wife had planned, when her rec-

"Pim going to take a ride through the country."

"Well, I'd like to know what this is for; what tomfoolery have you got in your head now? You'll go and spend ever-so-much money, and we shall get farther behind than ever."

"Well, my dear, I know what I'm about; so please pack my satchel."

"You can do it better, as you know where you're going, and for what, and what you'll need."

"Come, Mandy, don't be cross, just as I'm going away. Perhaps I shall strike some lucky mine."

"Where has he gone? what is he about? These questions were ever in Mrs. Twitchell's mind, and very often in the minds and on the tongues of her acquaintances. Mrs. Proudfoot, her next door neighbor was particularly uneasy. So, after interchanging conjectures with the sheriff's wife, her neighbor on the left, and with Mrs. Shaffer, in the cottage over the way, and with Miss Slimmings, the minister's wite, Mrs. Proudfoot one afternoon took her sewing in to Mrs. Twitchell's, on a tour of investigation: "I thought you must be very lonely, Mrs. Twitchell's, or a tour of investigation: "I thought you must be very lonely, Mrs. Twitchell's, or her brought in my sewing to sit an hour with you."

Mrs. Twitchell suspected that her amiable neighbor's errand was to interview her on the subject of her husband's absence: "You are kind. I hope, however, that you will not inconvenience yourself on my account. I have so much to do that I haven't time to be lonely."

Mrs. Proudfoot was delighted: she was brought directly and naturall; to her point: "Sure enough, you must be very busy without Mr. Twitchell to help you. He must have had important business, or he would not have left you all alone to take care of the house, and the children, and the cow, and everything."

"How long will he be gone?"

"Some weeks, perhaps."

"Let me see: where did I hear he'd gone? Come to think of it, I've heard ever so many different reports about it. One says one thing, and another says another."

"Where do they say he has gone?"

"Well, Mrs. Shaffer told me that her I've got back. Come baby and kiss your papa."

The wife had planned, when her recreant husband should come into the house, to hold the Nettie letter before his eyes, to hiss in his ear, "Wretch! villain! perjurer! fiend!" and to bid him go his way and leave his dishonored, ruined family to themselves. But the letter was locked in a bureau-drawer up stairs; the children were climbing over papa; she couldn't very well tear them from his knee. Mr. Twitchell looked so happy, so innocent of having done any wrong, so unconscious of the impending storm; the injured wife was for the time being disarmed.

"Your bread smells good: let me have something to eat, for I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"I can't leave my baking to get an ex-

something to eat, for I'm as hungry as a wolf."

"I can't leave my baking to get an extra meal: it's only about an hour till dinner-time. Indeed there's nothing in the house to eat until this bread is baked. Your children have lived on bread for two months: I suppose you've been enjoying the fat of the land."

"And you and Sissy and Baby," he cried, snatching up the little one and kising the mottled face, "shall henceforth have the fat of the land. The good-fornothing old fellow has made some money at last, and a good pile of it too; and that by one of his worthless inventions."

"What do you mean?" asked the injured wife. jured wife.

jured wife.

"I mean that I've got money and notes to the amount of fifty-seven thousand dollars, which I've collected in these eight weeks. You're a rich woman, Mrs. Twitehell. That's yours, my little wowan, to buy you a home. There are twenty of them: did you ever count money before in that way—five hundred dollars in a breath?"

"I'll tell you all about it when I get something to eat. I'm hungry: won't

something to eat. I'm hungry: won't Mr. Twitchell had sufficiently appease

things I've heard that I didn't know what to do."

"Well, what have you heard?"

"Well, I really think you ought to know what Miss—. But I won't mention names—I never do; but it's some-body you've always considered one of your warmest friends; and she ought to know enough to hold her tongue, for the sake of her brother-in-law. And now I might as well tell you who it is, for of course you know it's Miss Slimmings. But for pity's sake don't ever mention that I told you; but she said that Mr. Twitchell had to go out peddling baby-jumpers because of your extravagance."

"It passes everything that anybody should say I'm extravagant!"

The following day Mrs. Proudfoot re-Mr. Twitchell had sufficiently appeased his hunger to enter upon his story, which he did somewhat after this fashion:

"You know when I went away last summer on that fool's errand, as you called it, Mandy. I went in a buggy? By a simple contrivance, which I had invented, I could detach that vehicle at an instant's notice from the horse. With a motion of the thumb and finger I can free the horse." The following day Mrs. Proudfoot resumed the conversation, plunging at once in medias res: "Mrs. Twitchell, you ought

"Well, I drove off with a plan in my "Well, I drove off with a plan in my head, and at the first wagon-shop began to put it in operation. I stopped on the pretext of getting my horse shod. The wagon-maker stood watching me as I rehitched the horse to the buggy. Why, what kind of a contrivance have you got there? he asked, and came out to the carriage. 'A very simple contrivance of my own invention,' I said, 'for detaching the carriage from the horses;' and I went on to explain it to him. 'It's so simple that any smith can easily manufacture it and adapt it to any vehicle.'"

"Why were you so imprudent as to tell him about it? He might go and get it patented."

t patented."
"I had already secured my patent on it."

"Thad already secured my patent on it."

"But he could go to work and use your invention without paying for it, whereas you might have sold him a right."

"I knew he could use it, and that's just the thing I found he had done on my visit to him this summer. I had an officer with me, and we compromised with the carriage-maker for an intringement of my patent to the tune of five hundred dollars. There were only three men, out of the whole number I saw on the first round, who had not infringed my patent, and those three wanted to buy the right; so I just went round and gathered in the In the midst of the recital, and of tears which increased to forcents at certain pathetic passares, both ladies were startled by a voice almost in their ears: "Goodafternoon, Mrs. Proudfoot. How d'ye do. Mandy?" At the open window stood Mr. Twitchell.

"Where under the canopy have you been?' asked Mrs. Twitchell on the departure of Mrs. Proudfoot, who, after lingering at the first interview between husband and wife as long as decency would allow, went to give Mrs. Shaffer and Mrs. Slimmings an account of her conversation with Mrs. Twitchell.

"Oh, I've been everywhere through the country."

There were only three men, out of the whole number I saw on the first round, who had not infringed my patent, and those three wanted to buy the right; so I just went round and gathered in the greenbacks by the handful. And this isn't the last of it: I shall go on making money by this patent for years to come."

"It's splendid!" said Mrs. Twitchell; and in her admiration of her husband's eleventees, and her pleasure in the gold-en-paved path opened before her, she almost lost sight of his guilt. She brought him a plate of hot biscuit, and asked to help him to another cup of coffee.

"Ve come to ask your advice, Mrs. Proudfoot," said Mrs. Twitchell that afternoon.

"Oh, I've been everywhere through the country."

"And what have you been doing?"

"I've been seeing what I could see, and hearing what I could hear."

Having told of her husband's success, "Positichall, under the seal of strict

flies."

The next morning a fly-trap was set to Mrs. Twitchell's kitchen table, much to baby's delight, and Sissy was set to tend it.

"You needn't expect to make any fortune on that fly-trap," said Mrs. Twitchelles can be in for your suit of clothes, and for Sissy's furs, and for the empress round on that fly-trap," said Mrs. Twitchelles can be in for your suit of clothes, and for Sissy's furs, and for the empress round on that fly-trap, and the baby has poked this whole day, and the baby has poked my sleeve-buttons into it, so that you'll have to take it all to pieces to get them out."

In the meat-bill and the grocer's bill are in that table drawer, and Mrs. Twitchell, under the seal of strict bills came in for your suit of clothes, story of the love-letter found in Mrs. Twitchell was a moderately pruched thought of her husband's embarrassment in hearing it.

Mrs. Twitchell—gan to help you in any way possible."

Having told of her husband's success, Mrs. Twitchell, under the seal of strict story of the love-letter found in Mrs. Twitchell was a moderately pruched thought of her husband's centre of the story of the love-letter found in Mrs. Twitchell was a moderately pruched thought of her husband's extremely story of the love-letter found in Mrs. Twitchell was a moderately pruched to her neighbor the bills came in for your suit of clothes, story of the love-letter found in Mrs. Twitchell was a moderately pruched to her neighbor the bills came in for your suit of clothes, story of the love-letter found in Mrs. Twitchell was a moderately pruched to her neighbor the bills came in for your suit of clothes, story of the love-letter found in Mrs. Twitchell was a moderately pruched to her neighbor the bills came in for your suit of clothes, story of the love-letter found in Mrs. Twitchell, under the seal of strict was a my possible."

Having told of her husband's success.

ged to "Do? I wouldn't stay under the same on at roof with the man for a single night, and I'd apply for a divorce to-morrow."

"That's just my feeling about it," replied Mrs. Twitchell, "Oh, I feel sometimes as if I'd like to strangle him."

"Well, I never would do that," said Mrs. Proudfoot: "But I wouldn't keep such a thing shut up in my bosom. I'd have the satisfaction of telling him about its racality. And you and the children would be received to provide to some extent for you. And anyhow, everybosy is talking of the way in which the money was made — by sharp practice. Mr. Twitchell put temptation in the way of these men, and drove hard bargains with them, every one is saying. So, if you should leave him, you'll only be giving up ill-gotten gains?"

"And svoil! never be able to keep your seeret from Mr. Twitchell; you'll some fee dide the matter finally to-night. As to his being mean." Me continued on second thought, flushing and her eye kindling with him you'll get the credit of being as mean as he is."

The wife gave a long sigh; "I shall den clide the matter finally to-night. As to his being mean." she continued on second thought, flushing and her eye kindling there way to an ultimate resolve: "I must bors, if the truth was known."

The wife gave at an early hour, and secting herself with the way to an ultimate resolve: "I must bors, if the truth was known."

The wife gave at an early hour, and seating herself with the way to an ultimate resolve: "I must bors, if the truth was known."

The middle another resolve stood out defined her way to an ultimate resolve: "I must speak to him about this." The sake." Another period of hard thinking in an other resolve stood out defined her way to an ultimate resolve: "I must speak to him about this." The sake." Another period of hard thinking in an another resolve stood out defined her way to an ultimate resolve: "I must speak to him about this." The first convention adoption and others, the convention adjourned. The Democrats of the Third Marylam district, the lamps were unlighted and the twist of the lamps were unlighted and the twist had been the more than the same than and the same tha

again to see this wicked girl."

"Mandy!" Mr. Twitchell was calling. She groped her way into the dining-room, for the lamps were unlighted and the twilight had deepened into night. "What under the stars are you moping in this darkness for? Most women in your shoes would illuminate the house. You don't seem to me half glad enough over your fortune. Why, you ought to see how politic people are to me! And there are notices of my invention in both the evening papers; but don't you believe, the Tribune attributes the whole thing to Thomas Twitchell, instead of Timothy!" As Mrs Twitchell made no reply, but went on lighting the lamps, he continued: "Thomas Twitchell is a young man, a teller in a National bank, and we are often confounded. He gets my letters, and I get his, and letters addressed to T. Twitchell are as apt to go wrong a right. I once opened a letter to him from his sweetheart, and I do believe I forgot to remail that letter. Let me see; it was just before I left home, and I was so absorbed—who knows but I've made trouble between the lowers?"

"Oh, Tim!" Mrs. Twitchell put her face in her hands and cried.

Mr. Twitchell went over and sat down beside her: "Well, now, this looks more appreciative. Poor little wife! You've had some hard times but they are over now. I kept telling you I'd strike a mine some day."

"Where did you get the idea ?" asked

"Where did you get the idea?" asked the wife, wiping her eyes and nose. Mr. Twitchell tapped his forchead with his right forefinger: "You didn't believe in me, though. You didn't believe I'd ever strike oil."—Lippiacott for October.

Bloomingdale has always been considered a place for genteel lunaties, and however much a poor fellow might suffer from bad treatment at the asylum for paupers on the Island, the friends of the Bloomingdale inmates might rest in peace. Here was an aristocratic insane asylum, with pleasant grounds, bowling alleys, and other means of making a patient's time pass agreeably. Here were books and papers, skilled physicians, and kiad and papers, skilled physicians, and kind nurses, the very paradise of bedlams. But when once suspicion was aroused, and when once the press, which is the modern Argus, had got one of its eyes upon the interior of Bloomingdale, our paradise of bedlams was a paradise no more, but a bedlam. The learned doctors were there to go their rounds, feel the pulses, and slight their patients; the kind nurses were indifferent and harsh; the grounds were a tantalizing sight to a lunatic behind grated doors; the bowling alleys were for doctors and nurses may be, certainly forbidden to a portion of the patients; the food was neither very good nor very the food was neither very good nor very clean; the baths were filthy. This is what a well-to do patient gets for twenty

what a well-to do patient gets for twenty dollars a week.

It seems that an insane person is so helpless, and his testimony so little re-lied on, that there is a perpetual tendency to take advantage of him. At Blooming-dale, they even intercept some of the let-ters of the inmates, and render it difficult for friends to see them. Now, it is in hu-

for friends to see them. Now, it is in human nature to be lazy, and it is in lazy human nature to take just as little pains as possible to serve those who, being wholly in the power of their servants, are unable to enforce their just demands.

Our conviction is that more than half the insane patients in the United States fare worse than those at Bloomingdale. Why do not our journals turn their attention to the pauper insane hospital on the island? We have private information which leads us to believe that it is in a far worse condition than Bloomingdale. Is it true that until quite recently refractory patients were subdued by playing upon them with the water-hose, and that a patient was thus knocked down by a jet of water, and again knocked down as often water, and again knocked down as as he essayed to rise? We suppose this treatment would cool the lunatic off, and tend to restore his mind to healthy

action.

Attendants are not usually people of Attendants are not usuany people of ideas, and only people with ideas can understand the irresponsibility of a lunatic. The impulse of an attendant when struck by a lunatic is to strike back, "to teach him better." But this whole mode of treatment, which regards a crazy man's which are the actions of a moral agent and

treatment, which regards a crazy man's whims as the actions of a moral agent and punish them accordingly, is a mode that naturally leads to blank imbecility.

It is curious to note another difficulty in the case. Physicians who make a business of treating the insane are not usually philanthropists; they are simply men carning a living or a fortune, as the case may be, in the practice of their profession. Now, the tendency with such men is to grow hard and insensible to the sufferings of the insane. With keepers, the tendency is to grow into a set antagonism toward their patients—we had almost said their prisoners.

It will be seen that the evils of insane It will be seen that the evils of insane asylums, and especially of popular hospitals, will not be reached by any surface remedies. A Lunacy Commission of competent and philanthropic men, before whom all complaints might be laid, who should have authority to admit any person on examination to take care of the insane, and to revoke their certificates on the first evidence of ill-treatment of a patient, who should investigate all institutions and poor-houses where lunaties are tient, who should investigate all institu-tions and poor-houses where lunaties are kept, and inquire into the private keeping of the insane, might accomplish a great deal. The proposed trial by jury works bally where it is in force, and is not to be thought of as a means of ameliorating the condition of lunatics.—Hearth and Home.

ACCORDING to Our Home Journal the best liniment for cuts, galls, pavin, pell-evil, fistula, or any other of the external diseases that animals are liable to, is made by dissolving one ounce of finely pulverized corresive sublimate and one ounce of gum camphor in one pint of spirits of turpentine, put in a strong bot-tle. Apply with a swab.

Lewis E. Johnson was nominated for

The Republicans of the 2d Maryland district, on September 19, nominated Ma-

Samuel A. Parker, was nominated for Congress by the Democrats and Liberals

On September 19, ex-Governor M. L. Ward was nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the 6th New Jersey dis-The conservatives of the 2d Virginia

nal, for Congress. The Labor reformers of the 5th Massa chusetts district, on September 19, nomi-

nated James M. Buffum for Congress.

The straight Out Democratic Conven on of the State of Indiana met at Indianapolis, Sept., 19, and placed the following licket in nomination : for Governor, A. P. Edgerton; Lieutenant Governor, Green Durbin; Secretary of State, Alfred Pierson; Auditor of State, Otto Boettecker; Treasurer of State, Dr. McBride; Attorney General, Thos. Branham; Congressmen-at-Large, Maj. W. C. Moreau and Dr. W. F. Sherrod; Electors for the State-at-Large, Graham N. Fitch, Charles Reeves, Jas. Millison, T. J. Foster and A.

Fullstate. The Republicans of the 8th Mass. district, on September 20, nominated J. S. S.

Williams for congress. Judge Henry H. Foster was nominated for congress on September 20, by the Lib-

district. late Confederate army, died at his residence near Memphis, Tennessee, on the

The straight out Democratic executive Springfield, September 20, and appointed Presidential Electors at Large and one from each Congressional district. They also nominated the following ticket for Breeze, of Clinton county; for Lieutenau Governor, D. S. Storrs, of Green county for Secretary of State, Sutton, of Clark of Auditor of Public Accounts, C. H. Westerman, of Massac; for State Treas-000. One million dollars were sold at urer, Henry West of McLean; for Attor ney General, George A. Meech, of Cook; for Clerks of Supreme Court, Northern Division, John H. Malburn, of Stevenson; Central Division, E. H. Palmer, of De-

of Crawford.

Hon. Bennett Pike, was nominated for Congress by the Democrats and Liberals of the St. Joseph, Mo., district, on September 20, in place of Gen. Craig

Ind., and A. C. Sands of Cincinnati, O., Commissioners to examine the Northern Pacific railroad. Hon. Garrett Davis, U. S. Senator from Kentucky, died at his residence in Paris,

Crimes and Casualties.

A Nashville dispatch, of September 1 says that a party of masked men went to the residence of Henry Miller, colored, at Christiana, Rutherford county, Tenn., on september 14, before day, and on his attempting to escape shot him dead. His offense was being the father of a child by a white woman.

Denneby, the murderer of Geo. H. Fa-

accomplices, two galvanic batteries, chemicals, furnace and a large quantity of manufactured spurious coin. A boiler explosion occurred in Waverly. III., September 17, in the saw mill of Edward Root, which resulted in the demoliion of the structure, and serious and pro bably fatal injuries to three men.

tember 17. Robert Dunlan shot James Carpenter, killing him instantly, and beat wife with his gun, inflicting such injuries that it is doubtful if she recover. The reason of the murder was that Dunlap uspected Carpenter of improper intimacy with his wife.

Congress at Large, from South Carolina, by the bolting Sawyer Republicans of that State, on September 18.

or A. M. Hancock for Congress.

of the Burlington, N. J., district, on September 19.

district, on September 19, nominated Ma-jor B. P. Lee, editor of the Norfolk Jour-

morning of September 20.

Witt; Southern Division, C. C. Fletcher,

A New York telegram of September 21.

says that O'Conor has finally concluded to accept the Louisville nomination The President, on September 21, appointed S. H. Kaufman of Washington, D. C., Thomas Underwood of Lafayette,

Kentucky, on the morning of September 22, of gangrenous affection of the lungs. He was seventy-two years of age.

A terrible murder was committed ner

Wm. Grower and Louis Hooker, note

ounterfeiting five cent nickel pieces. The examination of Forrester upon the charge of murdering Mr. Nathan, com- 21, against the officers of the Inchriate asy nenced Sentember 18. Ann Keenan swore that she saw him enter the house of Nathan the evening before the murder. The police claim that they can make the chain side. An investigation will be ordered. of circumstantial evidence entirely com-

plete. A collision occurred near Jacksonville. Ill., between two freight trains on the Jacksonville division of the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad, on the evening of September 18. Considerable damage was caused to both trains.

Nine jurors had been obtained at Sar Francisco, September 18, for the Fair trial.

A dredge exploded its boiler in the har bor of Erie, Pa., on the afternoon of Sep tember 19, killing one man and seriously injuring another.

George Lewis, the murderer of Enoch

B. Hardcastle, was safely lodged in the Green county jail, Carrollton, Ill., on September 19. A destructive fire occurred in St. Louis. Mo., on Myrtle street, on the evening of September 20, resulting in the destruction of property valued at \$50,000, and the seri-

ous injury of several firemen. Forrester, the alledged murderer of Na than, will attempt to prove an alibi. A New York dispatch of September 22, says that he has witnesses to prove that, at the time of the murder, he was in a Southern

State. A personal altereation occurred in restaurant, at Columbia, S. C., between Montgomery Priest, of the State Senate, and Samuel Melton. John D. Caldwell and Major Morgan, friends of Melton,

erals of the Oswego, N. Y., congressional in other quarters. An examination is in

department, and has been employed in the same position for over seven years.

The failure of Howard, Irwin & Co. for \$300,000, John M. Smith, Son & Co.,

for a large amount, and Farnum, Gilbert & Co., for \$1,000,000, all of New York. was announced, September 18. A New York dispatch of September 18 says that the fallure of the Andes Insur ance company of Cincinnati is reported.

One million of bonds were sold on Sepember 18, at from 110 to 111,33, There were thirty bids for governm

114 to 114.01. en September 19, notified their employ-ers that their wages must be \$4 per day on and after September 23. The failure of G. D. Munroe & Co., and

gold, September 19, aggregating \$10,610,

wo other mercantile firms of New York, vas announced on the New York stock Exchange, September 19. The Home National Bank, of Chicago and the East Tennessee National Bank of Knoxville, were authorized to commence

usiness on September 19, with a capital of \$200,000 and \$100,000 respectively. A New York dispatch, of September 19, says that the reported Johnson defaleation is confirmed. The amount is supposed to be in the neighborhod of \$185,000.

Announcement is made from Washing ton, September 20, that interest on the coupons due November 1, will be paid at once without rebate.

Little Rock, Ark., dispatches, of Sepember 20, report all quiet in Pope county.

The militia is still in camp near Russell-

The acting Commissioner of Internal Revenue, on September 20, decided that documentary stamps unsold October 1, which by the new revenue law are no onger required, may be redeemed by the This reverses a former decision. A Salt Lake, Utah, dispatch of Septem-

per 20, announces the discovery of silver

lodes, twenty-five miles north of Tecoma, on the Central Pacific road, assaying from vor of Providence, R. I., was arrested, 94 to 3,000 ounces of silver to the ton. September 16, in Greenville, Canada, by a There is a great rush of people to the new district. year, 33,730 bales. Stock at all United States ports, 99,679 bales; last year, 90,527 bales; at interior towns, 12,156 bales; last year, 12,113 bales; at Liverpool, 799,000

> system of pneumatic tubes, Congress made an appropriation of \$15,000, will ommence its construction immediately. At the Prospect Park, Brookiyo, N. Y.,

races on September 21, Dutchman's celebrated time, 7 minutes and 321 seconds, for three miles, heretofore the fastest on

phia, September 17, while in the act of record, was beaten by 11 seconds by the

and Samuel Melton. John D. Caldwell and Major Morgan, friends of Melton, were both shot, the former fatally, were being put through the squeezing process. Several of the large short operators failed on that day. Gould and Vanderbilt are said to control the squeezing process. Several of the large short operators failed on that day. Gould and Vanderbilt are said to control the squeezing process. Several of the large short operators failed on that day. Gould and Vanderbilt are said to control the squeezing process. Several of the large short operators failed on that day. Gould and Vanderbilt are said to control the ring, which has a pool of about \$20,000,000 to port the condition of pool of the swith.

A Cincinnati dispatch, of September 17, says that Rev. S. J. Brown, who died recently, and whose shooting of the German boy in his orchard, caused so much excitement, a few weeks ago. bequeathed \$150,000 to found a university which is to bear his name.

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A World Washington dispatch of September 18, says that a defalcation of \$100, 100 has occurred in the Assistant Treasurer's office, New York. This is denied in other quarters. An examination is it progress. The alleged defaulter is Jas. J. Johnston, who has charge of the stamp eliminative process going on unconclously in the brain, which appears little less won-derful than a hidden cogitation. Why

individual afterward is totally oblivious.

Let us instance, for example, the mental impression engraved with a searing
iron as it were, upon the brain in moments of delirium. Under chloroform,
again, the mind is often in a great state of again, the mind is often in a great state of exaltation, and goes through mental labor of a kind calculated, one would imagine, to leave traces behind it on the memory; nevertheless, water does not more readily give up impressions made upon it than does the tablet of the brain under this influence. Even in our dreams, of which we take no notice, but which are patent to bystanders by our speech and action, there must be plenty of "unconscious cerebration." Indeed, Sir Henry Holland, in reference to a vague feeling that all of inconsciously, we have, therefore, no loubt, and we see no reason why we hould deny the existence of power scated in the brain, whose duty it is silently to sift the grain from the husk in the im-mense mass of mental pabulum supplied to it by the senses.—Edinburg Review.

Dead.

Nilsson is no more. The musical pub-Misson is no more. The autseta pro-lie, it may be presumed, will continue to see the familiar name on the bills, and the well-known features on the boards, but the eye of the law sees otherwise. The stern simplicity of official records takes little heed of artistic tradition, and even little heed of artistic tradition, and even in the more elastic usage of society, though in familiar conversation Nilsson may live on as before, the strictness of etiquette knows only Mme. Rouzand, who reigns in her stead. What pangs of disappointment and jealous discontent thrilled through countless masculine hearts on both sides of the Atlantic at the new—what dim, delicious dreams of beatific possibility faded out over the painful details of that scene in Westminster Abbey last August—no tongue shall ever tell. But imagination may suggest, or reason infer, a very serious amount of sentimeninfer, a very serious amount of sentimen-tal tribulation at the event. A elever au-September 17, announces the capture by the U. S. Marshal of that district, of David Hyan, a counterfeiter of gold coin, of forty years standing, together with nine of the weak, bales; total for the year, 93,684 bales; last the comparative cotton statement for the week ending September learns the marrying man ever of the week, known, however distant his acquaintance or slight his sympathy, without a perceptive forty years standing, together with nine bales; total for the year, 93,684 bales; last year, 43,159 bales. Exports for the week, 8,739 bales; same time last year, 4048 bales; total for the year, 15,423 bales; last portion to the less or more satisfactory year 21,730 bales. up the chances remaining. Just in pro-portion to the less or more satisfactory character of the result will be the depth of the sigh with which our deserted backbales; at interior towns, 12,156 bales; last year, 12,113 bales; at Liverpool, 799,000 bales; last year, 467,000 bales; American cotton afloat for Great Britain, 4,000 bales; last year, 58,000 bales.

A Washington distatch of September 22, says that Albert Brisbane, for whose system of menumatic tubes. Congress elor reflects that there, at least, one more chance is gone forever. If this be true in THE Boston Glo

desire of women to mount the pulpit, that in Massachusetts half the women think they have a mission, and to not seem to realize that they have any work, and that there is only one woman in ten in that state who would not preach if she could.

The Chicago Pork Corner.

TERMS: \$3.00 per Annum.

NO. 39.

Tecord, was heaten by II seconds by the bay mare Huntress.
Grave charges were preferred, on Sept.
J. against the officers of the Individual series are as frequently drunk inside the neighbor of the charges are as frequently drunk inside the asylum as they could possibly be outside. An investigation will be ordered.

New From Abroad.

The London journals of September 16, very generally acquise cei into Ababama award. The Express hopes that foundation has been arrested, and is now contined at Strasbourg. The minister of Foreign Affairs, in consequence of a disagreement with Bis marck.

A dispatch from Hong Kong, received in London. September 17, announces the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis at that port.

Berlin telegrams, of September 17, announces the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis at that port.

A Mother railroad collision occurred on the evening of September 17, announces the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis at that port.

A Berlin telegrams, of September 17, announces the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis at that port.

A Rower thunder storm passed over Rockdale, England, on September 19, and several persons were killed by lightning. Considerable chanage was done to the growing crops.

A dispatch from Stockholm, dated September 19, announces the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis at that port.

A severe thunder storm passed over Rockdale, England, on September 19, and several persons were killed by lightning. Considerable chanage was done to the growing crops.

A dispatch from Stockholm, dated September 19, announces that King Charles dided at Malmalo, on the leight of September 19, announces the growing crops.

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Healthy Houses. The following valuable suggestions re-lating to the construction of suburban houses, are from a paper read before the Edinburgh Architectural Association; they will apply with equal force in this country. To keep suburban dwellings from contaminating influences, the subsoil upon which the house rests sh thoroughly drained to such a depth as will secure a crust of dry soil upon which to erect the structure. The walls below the secure a crust of dry soil upon which to derful than a hidden cogitation. Why should the unessential facts alone fade? We see no reason why we should refuse to recognize masked operations of the mind. Surely we see every day examples of cerebral acts being performed, of which the individual afterward is totally oblivious. Let us instance, for example, the mental impression engraved with a searing iron as it were, upon the brain in mental distriction which the braining which would supply moisture. The exattation, and goes through mental labor of a kind calculated, one would imagine, to leave traces behind it on the memory: to leave traces behind it on the memory give up impressions made upon it than secure a crust of dry soil upon which to erect the structure. The walls of recet the structure. The walls of level should be separated from those above by interposing some substance impervious to water, in order to prevent that a capillary attraction which the walls of the bailding, when influenced by the internal heat of the rooms, exert upon anything which would supply moisture. The walls of such a thickness as will allow of a bouse being kept at an even temperature. The walls of gables containing fireplaces re-exattation, and goes through mental labor of a kind calculated, one would imagine, to leave traces behind it on the memory. sions compatible with the size of the house. No drains should be permitted un-der a dwelling, whatever the strait in which the architect may find himself in take no notice, but which are patent to bystanders by our speech and action, there must be plenty of "unconscious there must be plenty of "unconscious cerebration." Indeed, Sir Henry Holland, in reference to a vague feeling that all of so have experienced when engaged in any particular act, that "we have gone through it all before," endeavors to explain it by supposing that the faint shadow of a dream has suddenly, and for the first time, come to our recollection in a form so unusual, that it seems as though we had acted the part before in another world. That we go through brain work unconsciously, we have, therefore, no house than half the thickness of the outer wall. Cisterns require to be placed where they can be easily reached and where they will be free from contamination of any kind. The main cistern of a building should be located in a room exclusively devot d to that purpose, in which there should be plenty of light, and into which the occupant could go as freely as into any open part of his dwelling, and where he could observe that such an important element as water was pure and wholeelement as water was pure and whole-some. There should be no limit set to the number of windows in a house, and the position of the rooms in regard to light should guide the architect in their arrange-ment.—Galaxy.

THE MARKETS. BEEF CATTLE S0.00 &14.50

IEEP-Live	5.00		.00
OTTON-Middling	18	65	
OFR-Good to Choice	7.65 1.53	46 8	
TIF AT Suring No 2	1.53	60 1	.55
Mrx. Western Mixed	64	63	6434
ATS-Western	45	60	53
YE-Western		40	20
DRK-Mess, New		6614	
HR -aless, New		60	DM
ARD	9.5	1050	36.00
CHICAGO.			
EEVES-Choice	5.70	63 6	3734
Good	5.50	60 5	65
Fair Grades	5.00	ech to	
Medium	3.50	66 4	75
ords Tive	4.70	46 5	
OGS-Live. IEEP-Good to Choice	3.50	66 5	
CATANA Charles	20		49
Title-Charter	16	60	17
TTER-Choice GGS-Fresh OUR-White Winter Extra	8.50	6510	
	44 . 15 14	68.7	
Spring Extra. Wheat—Spring No 1. No 2. Corn—No 2. Cata Rye No 2. Bartey No 2.	1.23	60 1	100
RAIN-Wheat-Spring No 1	1.17	80 1	1000
No 2	Act.		
Corn-No. 2	35.5		340
Oats	24		24 %
Rye No. 2	565		57
Barley No. 2	643		643%
		660	190
ORK-Mess	13.75	6014	.00
OOL-Tub-washed	25	600	60
Un-washed	26	60	40
CINCINNATI.	. 400		
	00000		-
LOUR-Family	\$7.70	86. 7	120
HEAT-Red	1.50	65 1	100
HEN	45		4036
ATS.	33		40
ARLEY	64		675
TETON	189	4 118	1834
ARD	83	44B	- 11
HK-Mess	13.50	6613	.75
OGS-Live	4.50	400 0	.00
ST. LOUIS.		172.00	
	-	-0	2000
OTTON EEF CATTLE- Choice	12	69	1836
EEF CATTLE- Choice	9.00	66.6	
Good to Prime.	4.00	100 D	
OGSLive	4.30		
LOUR-XX	6.50	60.6	
OGS-Live. LOUR-XX HEAT-No. 2 Red.	1.80	uni 1	
		60	1359
ATS-No. 2	1213	64	30
ATS—No. 2 YE—No. 2 ARLEY—No. 2	155	64.60	4561
API KV No. 9	70	675	35
ORK-Mess	11 37	mil t	
Old - Mess	27.11	66	
ARD	166	116	400
OOL-Tub-washed	89	100	0.0